

## Social and Personal.

"Just to walk among the roses; That is all. Just to see them nodding, bending Of their fragile beauty finding Of their scented treasure giving; I can ask no more of living; Just to walk among the roses; That is all."

The roses are "a-growing and a-blooming" all in the month of June, the American Beauty, the rich-lipped perfume-giving Jacqueminot, the exquisite pink Madame Testout and La France, the lovely climbing "Red Rambler," and the delicious old-fashioned damask roses, associated with the pot-pourri jars of one's childhood.

Not alone is June the month of roses, while exquisite poppy petals are unfolding their sunny beauty in garden beds with wonderful variety of form and color. Gathered in early morning, with the dew still glistening in their flower hearts, and placed in flower glasses holding fresh water, they will retain their glow and freshness throughout the day and render a parlor or library replete with their blaze of color.

Not less lovely than the poppies are the peonies in white, rose and pink and white. Forbes Watson says: "The fully opened flower of a single peony is like the countenance of a living creature, the person who has an abundance of peony blooms in her June garden is the fortunate possessor of what, transferred to vases and bowls, will render her living rooms filled, as with the flush of a summer sunrise.

And then the June wild flowers! The woods, brookside and marshes are fragrant and gay with the sprays of the pink and white honeysuckle, with the white and gold of the daisies, with the languorous perfume of the creamy laurel blossoms gleaming from the dark, shining green of leafy foliage, with the spicy smell of the dainty eglantine and the freshness of grape and chinquapin blowing.

On the mountain slopes the rhododendrons bells are shaking their pretty fluted frills and the chestnut's feathery plumes are making promises of glossy brown nuts, which will be the spoils of ripe October, the reaper of summer harvests and summer sweetness and fulness.

### Hollywood Memorial Day.

All of the June flowers in white and red were plucked for the Hollywood Memorial yesterday. Wreaths, bouquets, crosses, anchors, flowers in every conceivable design, were placed yesterday in the Confederate soldiers' and officers' section on the slope of the hill, where the evergreen monument rises, the head as an undying emblem of the remembrance and love which it symbolizes.

In 1904, as in 1868, groups of womanly figures, laden with baskets of flowers, passed back and forth in the shadow of the monument until when their task finished, the section and the graves were fresh and sweet with the red and white blossoms scattered and massed above the hearts of the sleepers awaiting the sound of the reveille and the final roll call of their great Captain Davis.

The ladies who were present at the Davis section included: Mrs. Chiles, Mrs. R. A. Patterson, Mrs. Sallie Anderson, Miss Emily Armstrong and Mrs. A. W. Garber. Other members of the committee were not in Richmond yesterday.

The Howitzer monument decorations attracted much admiring notice. Many comments in regard to them were made by passers-by. The flags, which added to the floral effect, were donated by the Copeland Company, of Ninth Street, formerly of Buffalo, New York. The kindness and generosity of the firm were greatly appreciated by the ladies. General J. E. B. Stuart's grave was beautifully decorated with flowers, as has always been the custom. The spirit of enthusiasm displayed yesterday brought to mind the beautiful lines which fitly embody the sentiment of the spirit which had its first outpouring thirty-eight years ago. The lines say:

"To live in hearts we leave behind Is not to die."

### Miss McD Adams Graduates.

Miss Louise Brockenbrough McD Adams will receive her graduation diploma at the National Cathedral School, near Washington, D. C., to-morrow, at 10:30 A. M., the closing exercises to be followed by a commencement reception.

Miss McD Adams finished her school course with much distinction, having taken the usual two years' course in one year. She is the daughter of the late Mr. George B. McD Adams and Mrs. Sally Branch McD Adams, and belongs to the most popular and exclusive society set of young people in Richmond.

Mrs. Charles P. Stokes and Mrs. McD Adams are the guests of Mrs. F. Lewis Marshall, in Washington, and are attending the commencement exercises at Cathedral School. They began Sunday last, May 28th, with a brilliant dramatic entertainment, in which Miss McD Adams took a conspicuous part.

Mr. and Mrs. Maclean Here. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Maclean, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who have been spending the winter in Pinehurst, N. C., for the improvement of Mrs. Maclean's health, are in Richmond for a several weeks' stay.

Mrs. Maclean is the sister of Colonel James H. Schoonmaker, of Long Island, who, during his Valley campaign, in the Civil War, was court-martialed for not permitting his command to molest or burn private property.

Former Governor McCordle alluded to this fact some years ago, when dining at Colonel Schoonmaker's house, and thanked the colonel for his instrument-

## What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try

# Jell-O,

a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! No baking! Add boiling water and set cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day, 10 cts.

## Wedding Gifts.

We have an exquisite collection of the latest designs in Sterling Silverware and Rich Cut-Glass, that will please June brides.

## Graduation Gifts.

Inexpensive, dainty gifts, appropriate to graduation—gifts of intrinsic worth—which will be treasured by the graduate and forever recall the giver's generosity. Let us show you the latest novelties.

Schwarzschild Bros.,  
Leading Jewelers,  
Cor. Second & Broad Sts.

ally in saving the Governor's ancestral property. Mr. and Mrs. MacLean are at No. 214 East Franklin Street.

Miss Williams's Pictures Sold. Two lovely landscapes in water color, done by Miss Adelaide Williams and hung at the art exhibit of the Richmond Art Club, No. 11 West Main Street, were sold yesterday. Mr. Franklin Q. Brown, of New York, was the purchaser of one of the pictures. He and his wife are the guests of Major and Mrs. James H. Dooley, at Maymont.

Ballard Williams' picture also sold on Saturday, and there now seems an excellent prospect for disposing of "Favorite," by Mr. Elliott Danglefield; "The Pines at Sunset," by Charles Warren Eaton, and "Connecticut Hillsides," by Will Howe Foster.

The tea given yesterday afternoon at the exhibition rooms of Mrs. George Ben Johnston, was an exceedingly delightful affair, and was well attended, the interest of many seeming to increase, in proportion as the end of the exhibition draws near. Mrs. J. Taylor Elyson will be the hostess of the exhibition rooms to-day from 4 to 7 P. M.

To be Incorporated. A number of ladies and gentlemen interested in the Richmond Training School for Kindergarten Teachers next week in the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Munford.

Mr. Elliott Danglefield, "The Pines at Sunset," by Charles Warren Eaton, and "Connecticut Hillsides," by Will Howe Foster.

At the Woman's Club. Tea was served at the Woman's Club from 5 to 8 P. M. yesterday, and although the memorial exercises took many of the members to Hollywood, the parlors were pleasantly filled, the summer tea room in the rear of the auditorium, with its view of sweet peas, its table and easy chairs, proving a most inviting spot. A number of callers dropped in for a rest and a glass of iced tea.

The club rather prides itself on its record for fruit punch. The secret of its compounding in one while they may well be congratulated on knowing, for the result is most delicious.

Society Gossip. Mrs. D. T. Williams has returned from a visit to her sister, in Pittsylvania county, and will be pleased to see her friends at No. 210 East Franklin Street.

Mr. Herbert Sizer, the brother of Miss

## CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT.

You Will Want to Read this Story Later if Not Now

## WITH EDGED TOOLS.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

ONE OF MERRIMAN'S STRONGEST BOOKS

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"No; they are both dead. Indian people they were. Indian people have a magic way of dying young. Millicent lives with her aunt, Lady Cantourne. And Lady Cantourne ought to have married my respected father."

"Why did she not do so?"

He shrugged his shoulders—paused—sat up and flicked a large moth off the arm of his chair. Then:

"Goodness only knows," he said. "Goodness, and themselves. I suppose they found it out too late. That is one of the little risks of life."

"She answered nothing."

"Do you think," he went on, "that there will be a special hell in the hereafter for parents who have sacrificed their children's lives to their own ambition? I hope there will be."

"I have never given the matter the consideration it deserves," she answered. "Was that the reason? Is Lady Cantourne a more important person than Lady Mere?"

"Yes."

She gave a little nod of comprehension as if he had realized certain facts in her life—into the far perspective of it, reaching back into the dim distance of fifty years before. For our lives do reach back into the lives of our fathers and grandfathers; the beginnings made there come down into things Jocelyn Gordon was shaping our thought and action. That which stood between Sir John Meredith and his son was not so much the present personality of Millicent Chyne as the past shadows of a disappointed life, an unloved wife and an unemployable mother. And these things Jocelyn Gordon knew while she sat, gazing with thoughtful eyes, where in something lived and burned of which she was almost ignorant—gazing through the tendrils of the creeping flowers that hung around them.

At last Jack Mere-dith rose briskly, with in hand, and Jocelyn came back to things of earth with a quick, gasping sigh which took her by surprise.

"Miss Gordon, will you do something for me?"

"With pleasure."

He tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and, going to the table, he wrote on the paper with a pencil, and then at his watch-chain.

"The last few days," he explained while he wrote, "have awakened me to

## POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Elliot Norton.

No. 197.

## The Lamplighter.

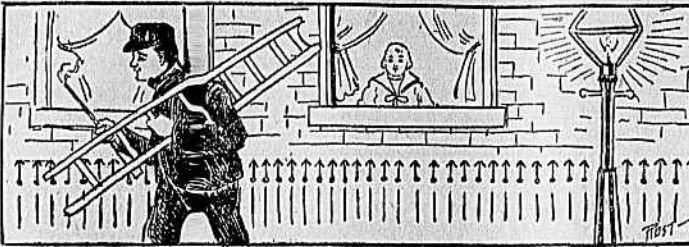
BY STEVENSON.

One of the sweetest little poems of Robert Louis Stevenson's Child Garden of Verses is the one that we print to-day. Stevenson was a very delicate child himself, and we get an insight into his childhood, which, watched with intense interest the outer life in which he was unable to take part himself. The biographical sketch and portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson have already appeared in this series.

MY TEA is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky; It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by: For every night at tea-time and before you take your seat, With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea, And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be; But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do, O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door, And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more; And O before you hurry by with ladder and with light, O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!



This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, October 11, 1903. One is published each day.

Josephine Sizer, of this city, who has been quite ill at a private hospital on Sixty-first Street, New York, is considerably improved, and hopes soon to resume his business.

Mr. and Mrs. John Leyburn Mercer have issued cards for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary Waller Mercer,

## The Ideal Floor Covering.

Hodges' Fibre Carpets & Rugs

Is the Ideal Floor Covering—Artistic, Sanitary and durable. Suitable for any season of the year—particularly so for summer.

This material has the effect of a beautiful carpet, the coolness of matting and twice as durable.

Patterns suitable for parlors, chambers, libraries, dining rooms, halls, stairs.

Every size Rug and Art Square. Special in China Matting, reliable quality, 25c. yard.

Plain White Jap. Matting, with small figures woven in, special 20c. yard.

Miller & Rhoads,  
UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.

to Mr. Herbert Claiborne Lightfoot, the marriage to take place Wednesday, June 8th, at 4 o'clock, in Bruton Church, Williamsburg, Va.

One of the promising social events in Richmond will be the marriage on Thursday afternoon of Miss Ray Hessburg to Mr. Isaac Hessburg, of New York, in the parlor of the Richmond Hotel.

Miss Emily Waddell and her cousin, Miss Waddell, have left for Miss Waddell's home, in King William county, where Miss Waddell will be Miss Walker's guest.

Miss Oley Minor is visiting Mrs. Thomas E. Seifert, in Colonial Avenue, Ghent.

Two fine portraits—one of Dr. J. Allison Hodges, and the other of Miss Nannie Smith—have just been completed by Miss Emma Moorehead Whitfield, and are now being exhibited in the windows of the Craig Art Company, where they are greatly admired.

Mrs. Isa Carrington Cabell, the popular authoress, and a former resident of Richmond, will leave Norfolk about June 15th, with Miss Burnham, to travel in Europe during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Meredith, of Gloucester, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth J., to Dr. Henry D. Beyer, of Philadelphia. The wedding will take place in August.

Miss Marie Reid, of Norfolk, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. M. Marshall, of No. 401½ East Main Street.

Miss Mollie Elliott Seawell, the well known Virginia writer, and Miss Henrietta Seawell, sailed Saturday last from New York for Antwerp.

A cablegram received yesterday by Mr. John D. Murrell announced the safe ar-

rive her—written on the little slip of paper—the only memento he had left her.

## CHAPTER XIX.

IVORY. "Another thing to be tempted, Escalus. Another thing to fall."

One of the peculiarities of Africa yet to be explained is the almost supernatural rapidity with which rumor travels. Across the whole breadth of this darkest continent a mere bit of gossip has made its way in a month. A man may divulge a secret, and in a week it will be known, take ship to Zanzibar, and there his own secret will be told to him.

Rumor met Maurice Gordon almost at the outset of his journey northward. "Smallpox is raging on the Ogowe River," they told him. "The English expedition is stricken down with it. The three leaders are dead."

Maurice Gordon had not lived four years on the West African coast in vain. He took this for what it was worth. But if he had acquired skepticism, he had lost his nerve. He put about and sailed back to Longoro.

And he was conscious of a ray of hope in his mind. He was a good-humored man, in his way, Maurice Gordon, of Longoro; but he could not disguise from himself the simple fact that the death of Victor Durnovo would be a distinct convenience and a most desirable relief. Even the best of us—that is to say, the present—written and his readers.

There are people who have done us no particular injury, to whom we wish no particular harm, but we feel that it would be very expedient and considerate of them to die.

Thinking these thoughts, Maurice Gordon arrived at the factory and went straight to his own office, where he found the object of them—Victor Durnovo—sitting in consumption of the office sherry.

Gordon saw at once that the rumor was true. There was a hunted, unwholesome look in Durnovo's eyes. He looked shaken, and failed to convey a suggestion of personal dignity.

"Hello!" exclaimed the proprietor of the decanter. "You look a bit chippy. I've heard you've got smallpox up at Masai."

"So I have. I've just heard it from Meredith."

"Just heard it—is Meredith down here, too?"

"Yes; and the fool wants to go back to-night. I have to meet him on the beach at 4 o'clock."

Maurice Gordon sat down, poured out for himself a glass of sherry, and drank it thoughtfully.

rival in Liverpool, England, of his son, Dr. Thomas W. Murrell, Dr. Murrell goes to attend a six-weeks' clinical course in the Metropolitan Hospital, London.

The marriage of Miss Carolyn Harris, the daughter of Mr. Overton Harris, of Louisville, Ky., and the niece of Miss Mary Caroline and Mattie Harris, of this city, to Mr. Wilson Cochran will be a society event in Louisville society Wednesday, June 1st. The prospective bride was the special guest at a linen shower given Friday last by Miss Mary Lee Warner, and on Saturday evening she and Mr. Cochran were given an informal reception by Mrs. Edmund F. Trabue.

Miss Zullo Henry, Miss Brent Will, Miss Katherine Blunt, Miss Bernice Stall and Miss Courtney Roundtree, a quintette of Richmond girls, who have been attending Hollins during the past year, have returned home, where they have received the warmest of welcomes from their many friends.

Miss Lucille Strong, of Memphis, a young Southern girl, who up to the present has been living in a typical Southern home and singing her songs to the birds in her garden, has gone to New York, and is fast making a reputation for herself there as a talented vocalist.

Mr. James Alton Cabell, who spent last week in Baltimore and New York, where he had important business, was expected home the first of this week.

Mrs. George B. Jennings and children, of Atlanta, Ga., are the guests of Mrs. J. C. Shafer, on Herppings Road.

Mr. J. C. Shafer left with Mr. George B. Jennings yesterday for a short visit to Atlanta.

## NOTES AND GOSSIP OF NEW YORK SOCIETY

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) New York, May 30.—Miss Edith Cryder, whose marriage to Mr. F. Lothrop Ames, of Boston, takes place to-morrow, will have a pink and white wedding. Miss Cryder's wedding is invested with much interest from the fact that she is one of the famous Cryder triplets, and that the other two—sisters, Ethel and Elsie—will be her bridesmaids and wear cream lace gowns, combined with pink and curvy pink flowers. The engagement of Miss Ethel Cryder to Mr. William Woodward has just been announced.

Mrs. William Thaw, of Pittsburgh, sailed from this city May 28th for England, where she will spend the summer with her daughter, the Duchess of Yarmouth.

## GOOD LUCK

MAKES BREAD THAT FATTENS

## BAKING POWDER.

"You'll have to be very careful," he said. "The least slip might let it all out. Meredith has a quiet way of looking at one which disquiets me. He might find out."

"Not he," replied Durnovo confidently, "especially if we succeed; and we shall succeed by God, we shall!"

Maurice Gordon made a little movement of the shoulders, as indicating a certain uneasiness; but he said nothing. "It was a case of considerable duration, at the end of which Durnovo produced a paper from his pocket and threw it down."

"That's good business," he said. "Two thousand tusks," murmured Maurice Gordon. "Yes, that's good. Through Africa, I suppose."

"Yes. We can outfit these Arabs at their own trade."

An evil smile lighted up Durnovo's salow face. When he smiled, his drooping, curtain-like moustache projected in a way that made keen observers of the human face wonder what his mouth was like.

Gordon, who had been handling the paper with the tips of his fingers, as if it were something unclean, threw it down on the table again.

"Yes—yes," he said, slowly; "but it does not seem to dirty black hands as it does white. They know no better."

"Lord!" ejaculated Durnovo. "Don't let us begin the old arguments all over again. I thought we settled that the trade was there; we couldn't prevent it, and therefore the best thing is to make hay while the sun shines, and then clear out of the country."

"But suppose Meredith finds out?" reiterated Maurice Gordon, with the lamentable hesitation that precedes loss.

"If Meredith finds out, it will be the worse for him."

A certain concentration of tone aroused Maurice Gordon's attention, and he glanced uneasily at his companion.

"No one knows what goes on in the heart of Africa," said Durnovo, darkly. "But we will not trouble about that; Meredith won't find out."

## Nursing Mothers

Have a double demand upon strength and nourishment that is ideally met in

### ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S Malt-Nutrine

It supplies the food needed by mother and child, aids convalescence, builds up the system, is easily retained and digested.

Sold by all Druggists. Prepared by Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n St. Louis, U.S.A.

A visit to the World's Fair City is not complete without a trip to the Anheuser-Busch Brewery.

## 30-Day Reduction Sale

To Reduce Our Overflowing Stock of Vehicles of all Kinds.

We offer an immense line for the next thirty days at greatly reduced prices; also BARGAINS IN SECOND HAND SURREYS, PHAETONS AND RUNABOUTS.

### SMITH & MURPHY,

314 NORTH FIFTH STREET.

## Than Carey's Roofing.

There is no better price than OURS for the BEST there is no EXCEPTER in the State. Write for samples and prices.

### BALDWIN & BROWN,

Opposite Old Market. HARDWARE, TIN PLATE, TAR PAPER, POULTRY NETTING, WIRE FENCE, ETC., ETC.

Miss Eleanor Wilson, a classmate of the Duchess, and a bridesmaid at her wedding, accompanied Mrs. Thaw. Miss Isabel May, a second bridesmaid, will also be in England for the summer, so the Anglo-American peacocks will have quite a little atmosphere of home life about her.

All elegant society is going wild over the marriage of Miss Elsie Whelan to Mr. Robert Goetz, which will take place June 14th, at St. Mary's Church, Wayne, Pa.

The bridal party will include Mrs. Craig Biddle, the bride's sister, and matron of honor; Miss Alice Roosevelt, Miss Francis Gordon, Miss Adelaide Jordan, Miss Esther Harrison, Miss Pauline Biddle, Miss Edith Brien, Miss Marion Haven and Miss Nora Iselin. Mr. Goetz will be attended by his cousin, Mr. Robert Ogden Goetz, as best man, and by Mr. Ogden Mills, Mr. William Whelan, Mr. Arthur Iselin, Mr. Henry Rogers Winthrop, Mr. Arthur Burden and Mr. Robert L. Gerry.

## SOCIETY EVENTS IN CITY OF BALTIMORE

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) BALTIMORE, MD., May 29.—The wedding of Miss Mary Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Campbell, of No. 15 East Franklin Street, to Dr. Mac-tier Wartfield, will take place Wednesday,

June 8th, in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, at noon.

Mrs. Ral Parr, one of the most prominent young matrons of Baltimore, was a delightful hostess at the Baltimore "Tiger" show last week. Her smart gowns, her natty turn-outs, and her Horse Show parties were the theme of many tongues.

On June 24, Thursday next, Miss Lydia Preston Reynolds, niece of Miss Maria Trimble Davis, will be married to the Rev. Horner Wood Stowell, of Memorial Church, Baltimore.

Baltimore, indeed, is happy in June brides, for on the same day, Miss Eleanor Johnston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett Johnston, and niece of Mrs. William McCormick, formerly of Chicago, but now of Baltimore, will be wedded to Mr. Edward Guest Gibson, son of the Rev. Frederick Gibson, at Cloverdale, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Patterson will spend the summer in their country home at Jellie, New York.

In the autumn, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson and Miss Marjorie Patterson will go to Rome for the winter.

## IN THE SOCIAL LIFE OF NATION'S CAPITAL

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) WASHINGTON, D. C., May 29.—Washington people in smart society circles have not yet recovered from the effects of the auction sale at "Stewart Castle," the home until his second marriage of United States Senator Stewart. Curiosity seekers thronged the rooms as the collection included curios from many quarters of the globe, gathered together by the senator's late wife.

An interesting June wedding in Washington will be that of Miss Neville Simms Taylor, daughter of Rear-Admiral Taylor, United States navy, to Lieutenant Walter Brockwell, of New York; the ceremony will be performed June 4th in All-Saints' Church, at Chevy Chase, the father of the bride, the groom and his attendants to be in full uniform.

The bride will have as her bridesmaids Miss Emily Neville Taylor, of New York; Miss Ramona Taylor, of New York; and Miss Rose Douglas Wallace, of Washington. The honeymoon will be spent in Newport, R. I.

The Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Faramond, who were married in Washington last week, will be at Lenox, of the Barrow and Baroness von Sternburg, when they return from France, where they have gone on a wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Walsh will soon sail for Europe. They will take an establishment for the Longchamps races, and later will visit King Leopold in his summer palace at Ostend. Mr. Walsh is an intimate friend of the King, who is associated with him in mining interests.

## THE DAY'S MENU.

MAY 31ST

Breakfast. Strawberries with stems. Broiled ham. Poached eggs on toast. Corn battercakes. Rolls. Coffee.

Dinner. Puree of green peas. Breast of veal stuffed. Bacon and string beans. Summer squash baked. New potatoes. Sliced tomatoes. Pineapple ice. Delicate cake. Coffee.

Supper. Blackberries and cream. Cold ham. Boaten blanchet. Cheese straws. Iced tea. Cold coffee.

## WHITE ROSES.

When God first fashioned white roses, All scented they lay in his hand, So pure that their transcendent whiteness No mortal could ever understand.

God took the first kiss of a maiden— With snow and with fire it was filled— And out of its passionate sweetness A perfume divine he distilled.

God smiled as he finished his roses— No lover's heart could count on so sweet a gift as the heart of each blossom. One drop of that exquisite kiss—

—Alice E. Allen, in Good Housekeeping.

(To Be Continued To-morrow.)